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sistibly from the depths of their seclusion to the borders of the cultivated spots, where the larger race have shown their superior skill in growing this coveted fruit. They are, Stanley tells us, in their own way intelligent, possess a language, and, as we have just mentioned, have a minute knowledge of their forest intricacies, and can, when they please, make themselves dangerous, appearing and disappearing as suddenly, and almost as silently, as the very snakes themselves.

We can well believe that they retarded Stanley's advance more than all the tribes he met with of the usual size. These diminutive creatures are distinctly human in their enmities, friendships, virtues, and vices, and, withal, possess a certain force of character which has enabled them to remain undefeated by the circumstances around them throughout the historic life of man; and yet, notwithstanding their human characteristics, they live almost the life of baboons, and will doubtless continue to do so until the white man covets their rich timber land, which now seems limitless, and begins the work of felling the forest which is their home, and which, if antiquity of possession can constitute a title, is and always has been theirs.

D. KINMOUNT ROY.

III.

LITERARY BITTERS.

TO THE large army of worthy people who do not like medicine and object on principle to stimulants, while feeling a strong yearning for one or both, there came, long ago, a benefactor of his species with an invention, a compromise, a boon, which he called a tonic. The tonic, disguised under various names, was compounded in certain proportions of a bitter ingredient, a sweet one, and a large infusion of raw rum. It filled, as the inventor happily remarked, a long-felt want. Those who needed medicine found, or—which is the same thing—thought they found, it in the bitter element. Those whose systems craved a stimulant found that, too, without having to sully their feet and contaminate their souls by entering a dram-shop. The tonic, as a beverage and a blessing, had "come to stay."

The literary tonic has also come, we fear, to remain permanently. Good people who would as soon drink rum as read fiction are the best patrons of the new stimulant—the novel with a purpose. They read it, as they will assure you, solely for its moral, not for its story. Therein they show a glimmering of good taste, for, in sober truth, the fictional element of the novel with a purpose, like the alcoholic element of the tonic, is usually of the poorest quality to be found in the mental laboratory. Other people, not so good, read it from the opposite motive. They, being unregenerate, but not wholly abandoned, feel that they ought to take spiritual medicine of some sort, and, being unable to swallow their theology "straight," they compound by taking it with an admixture of fiction. Between the two, the novel with a purpose enjoys a wide popularity; both classes of readers being zealous advertisers of the nostrum, from different motives. The good party recommends it for its religious tone; the less good for its alleged literary merits and, vaguely, because it grapples with so many doubtful and controverted questions.

There is a third party, corresponding to the unblushing consumer of material stimulants, who wants his fiction pure and simple, either totally without purpose, or with its purpose so skillfully disguised by a master-chemist, like Dickens, that he never tastes it and only feels its good effects indirectly. Curiously enough, both of the other classes like to pitch upon him as an erring brother to be worked with on behalf of the literary tonic. It never occurs to them that he may be feeling healthy enough to need no medicine. "Have you read 'Robert Elsmere'?" they ask. "Oh, you must—it expresses so many yearnings and doubts of the soul." Or, "You must read Tolstol's 'Kreutzer Sonata'; it is *risqué* here and there, but it teaches such a lesson."

Now, I make bold to confess that I have read neither of these tonic works, nor many others equally well recommended by worthy people who are willing to have their portraits printed "before and after taking." I began both on compulsion, being a free American citizen bound to obey the behests of my neighbors. I lost a good friend when I sent back her "Elsmere," after enjoying seven chapters and, I think,

five tea-parties therein chronicled; but I made, by way of compensation, a new enemy when I returned the "Sonata," confessing that its nastiness did not atone for its dulness. I weakly temporized with a third friend by wading through "Diana of the Crossways" and frankly saying that I had found it verbose and tedious to the last degree.

Why cannot the good and the semi-good leave us—the bad—alone in our iniquity? We don't go telling them they must read Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, not to mention such purposeless and moralless authors as Dumas and Cooper and Reade and Collins, and all the purveyors of pure stimulants. Genuine fiction does not need any "booming." Why must we, who have our own normal appetites, be adjured on every rock and dead-wall to "ask your druggist for" a poor brand of liquor masquerading as a literary bitters? There should be a Society for the Protection of Mental Scenery against the desecration of the advertising artist.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

IV.

A PLEA FOR PEDANTS.

WHY is it that pedants are generally so ridiculed? Is it not lucky for a man that he *can* contract an intense, even an extravagant, fondness for some pursuit,—some specific study, art, or science,—which he will consequently understand better than other men, and in solving whose problems he may become an expert? What is a man good for without professional enthusiasm,—who does not give his whole soul to his calling, concentrating upon it all his energies, and loving it with an ardor that almost ignores the existence of any other? "No man," says Emerson, "can do anything well, who does not think that what he does is the centre of the visible universe." It is easy to declaim against "one-idealism," "intellectual narrowness," and "a" that"; but, in spite of the cheap eloquence and fashionable cant of superficially-omniscient men who plume themselves upon their fancied oceanic breadth and depth, we love to see a man magnify his calling, even if he does overrate its relative importance. It is only thus that he can achieve excellence or eminence.

Who are the men that make their mark on the world, and to what do they owe their celebrity and influence? Are they the men who have the most versatility and the most varied culture? No; they are those whose minds want balance, who have some giant faculty developed at the expense of the rest. The very deadness of perception thus induced promotes self-confidence and positiveness. Occasionally, at long intervals in the history of humanity, a person appears who wings his flight to the peaks of greatness by an equal flapping of his wings; but all the rest gain their motion like a mill-wheel—by a continued fall of water on one side. The want of balance, it has been truly said, is the cause of most motion, and therefore the minds that stir the stagnant pool of common thought are out of equilibrium, and propelled by this very cause, like a pith figure loaded with a leaden foot, to spring with impatient yet effective force in some providentially-prescribed direction. Once in four or five centuries the world beholds a Leonardo da Vinci or a Leibnitz; but few of their fellow-mortals can fully master more than one art or science,—all beyond is a miserable affectation and a downright waste of time. What Michael Angelo said of painting is true of every other art or craft,—"It is jealous, and requires the whole man."

The day of universal scholars is past. The measure of a man's learning to-day is the amount of his voluntary ignorance; the measure of his practical force is the amount he is content to leave unattempted. We cannot, therefore, admire the man who, instead of being devoted to one great art,—"*married to that immortal bride*,"—woos all the muses in turn; not content to be a painter, sculptor, or writer, unless he is also "chemist, statesman, fiddler, and buffoon." There is no end of acquisition, if one begins to dabble in all the *ologies* and *isms* which may be intrinsically valuable, or which, if possessed, may add a feather to his reputation. Give us a thousand times, rather, the glorious pedantry of Fielding's Parson Adams, who thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest schoolmaster in it! We smile when we are told of the French grammarian, Dagues-